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The RAKISH HUSBAND'S

G A R L A N D.

IN THREE PARTS.

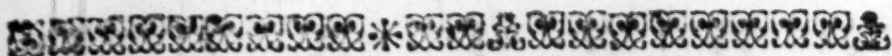
PART I. Shewing how a young Gentleman extravagantly spent and consumed his Estate on a base and lewd Harlot.

PART II. How when his Estate was mortgaged and his Money almost spent, he desired the Whore to turn off her Maid and Footman, and to live more frugally; but she minded not what he said, waited for an opportunity, and then gull'd the Gentleman out of what he had left, and ran away with his Cloaths when he was asleep in Bed.

PART III. How the Gentleman awaking, and missing his Mistress and Cloaths, wrapp'd himself in the Blanket, and went to his Wife, who kindly received him. How he afterwards put a Trick upon the Bawd and Whore, whom he bit of Four hundred Pounds, and strip'd them stark naked in the Middle of a Common and now lives very soberly with his Wife and Children.



Licensed and entered according to Order.



The Rakish Husband's GARLAND.

YOU gallant Beaux in London,
 Observe but what I name,
 And make much of your Money,
 Or else, you are to blame—
 For if you are a Gentleman,
 A Lord or Noble Peer,
 If you bring yourself to poverty,
 The world will at you jeer.

My Father dy'd, and left me,
 Two thousand pounds in Gold,
 And seven Houses of my own,
 As I'll to you unfold :
 I thought it never would be Day,
 I rowl'd in Gold so bright ;
 And in lewd Women's Company
 I plac'd my chief Delight.

At length I pitch'd my Fancy
 Upon an youthful Whore,
 And she likewise pretended,
 That she did me adore :
 Two Years we liv'd together,
 I left my loving Wife,
 I would not give her a Farthing
 For to support her Life.

cloath'd my wanton Harlot,
 In Gold and Jewels bright,
 I kept her a Maid and Footman,
 To attend her Day and Night
 I made my Gold and Silver,
 Like to the Chaff to fly :
 Observe but how my Mistress
 Did serve me by and by.

PART

PART II.

WHEN I had spent all my Money,

I mortgag'd my estate,
And I did find that Poverty,
Would quickiy be my Fate :

One Night unto my Mistress,
I then these words did say,
My Dear, I find that my estate,
Will quickly waste away.

Without some other way to live,

We quickly think upon :
My Estate it is now morgag'd,
And when that Money's gone,
What must I do for more, Love ?

To work I know not how,
She with a Frown to me reply'd,
Pray what's the Matter now ?

My Dear very well you know,
The Harlot she did say,
Before I knew you, I was kept,
Like to a Lady gay :

Why tell you me of Money ?
Pray get it where you will :
I am resolv'd to be maintain'd
In Pomp and Granduer still.

I said my dearest Jewel,
I love you as my Life,
You know, that for your Sake
I've slighted Babe and Wife :
And many Thousand Pounds have spent,
But now I plainly see,
That I am likely for to come
To want and Poverty.

Without we make a better Use,
Of what we now have left :
Turn off your Maid and Footman,
Your Business do yourself :

With that she fell a weeping,
 Saying, That will never do;
 I'm sure I'll tell my Mother,
 How I am used by you.
 She in the Morning rises
 And to her Mother goes,
 Taking her Rings and Jewels,
 Her Linen and her Cloaths :
 The Mother she came raving,
 Saying, Son, tell to me
 Why you misuse my Daughter,
 The Reason let me see.
 I never did misuse her,
 I to the bawd did say :
 My Estate I now have waisted,
 So I did for her pray,
 My Ease for to consider
 Before it was too late,
 And find some other Way to live,
 For now I had no Estate.
 Here is Two hundred Pounds in Gold,
 Will put us in a Way,
 If I thought your daughter would be base
 And would not with me stay ;
 I would go home unto my Wife,
 With what I have in Store :
 For my poor Wife and Children,
 Are now distress'd and poor.
 Dear Son reply'd the Mother,
 I hope you'll not do so,
 To live so long together
 And now from her to go :
 Besides, I fancy she's with Child ;
 This Thing will break her Heart,
 As you have liv'd so long together,
 I hope you'll never part.
 You say you have Two Hundred pound
 Dear Son do not despair ;
 For if you'll take my Word,
 I solemnly declare,

As soon as you have spent it,
 I will provide you more,
 Ne'er think of Wife or Children,
 My Daughter still adore.

Sure never was a Man induced,
 Thus by a filthy Whore;
 I had no power to leave her,
 I did her so adore.

Before three Months were gone and past,
 My good two Hundred pounds,
 Besides many other Things,
 I did on her confound.

No sooner was my Money gone,
 I to her Mother goes,
 Desiring her for to me,
 As she did so propose.

She said, I have not where withal
 To help me by my Life,
 I think the best thing you can do,
 Is to go home into your Wife.

I said, How can you think my Wife
 Will entertain me now,
 That scarcely has a Coat to wear,
 I cannot to her go:
 I do not Value, said the Bawd,
 What Course you now do take:
 I pray send home my Daughter,
 Her Company forsake.

Then with a very heavy Heart,
 I to her Daughter goes,
 She cry'd, My Dear ne'er mind it,
 Ne'er grieve at this bad News:
 Come let us go to bed to Night,
 To-morrow I will go,
 For to know of my Mother,
 Why she does serve you so.

BUT when that I was fast,
 A sleeping in my Bed,
 She with my Coat and Waistcoat,
 And Brechees likewise fled
 And missing of my Mistress.
 I straightway then arose,
 I found she had given me the Slip,
 And likewise got away my Cloaths.

Let every lewd young gallant,
 That's inclining to the Sin,
 Think what a sad Condition
 I at this time was in :
 I had neither Coat nor Breeches,
 Nor Stockings for to wear,
 Nor ne'er a Penny in the World,
 I solemnly declare.

My Wife she lived then,
 A Mile or two from Town ;
 I took the Blanket from the Bed,
 And wrapt my Body round
 And bare-footed thus I did trudge,
 Before the Morning light,
 To see if I could Comfort find,
 From my Dear loving Wife.

She was then sleeping in her Bed,
 I knocked at the Door,
 For to come down and let me in,
 I did to her implore :
 She cry'd is this my Husband,
 Now in this wretched Trim ?
 She said I will take pity,
 Tho' you unkind have been,

She tenderly did succour me,
 And no Reflections made ;
 My pretty little Babies,
 Came prattling round my Bed

Saying, Daddy, pray where have you been?

We are glad to see you here.

Their pretty Prattle, from my Eyes,

Did bring down Floods of Tears.

To see the harmless Babies,

Lying crying by my Side,

I had ne'er a Penny left,

Then for them to provide :

The Tears of my dear loving Wife

Did fill my Heart with dread,

At length a Pretty Project,

By chance came in my Head.

My Wife she had a Brother,

That was to her a Friend,

I did desire of her,

That she would for him send ;

And when he came into the Room,

I did his Pardon crave,

For being to his Sister

So base and vile a Knave.

I told him I could find a Way

To cheat the Bawd and Whore,

If that he would but Clearh me,

And send me Guineas store,

Only to grace my Pocket,

They'll take it for my own,

And when I have the Fancy try'd,

The Money I'll return.

My Brother granted my Request,

And cloathed me straightway,

And lent me threescore Guineas,

Indeed without delay :

He sent his Coach and Footman,

That I might great appear,

And so in all my Grandeur,

I rode unto my Dear.

My Mother came to see me,

Saying, Alas! my Son,

Pray what could be the meaning

You from your Lodgings run

My

My Daughter took away your Cloaths,
 Thinking to bring you New,
 I told her it was very well,
 I did believe it to be true.

I said, My Brother he was dead,
 And left me his Estate,
 His Coach and his Attendance,
 So now both Rich and Great:
 I'll quickly make my Jewel,
 Since I have Fortune found,
 But for a Time I now must borrow,
 Of thee Four Hundred Pounds.

The Mother lent the Money,
 Without the least delay;
 They drest themselves in all their best,
 To ride with me straightway.
 We drove unto a Common,
 That was both long and wide,
 And pulling out my Rapier
 You Whores strip I cry'd.

And show your naked A—s,
 As you made me to do,
 I left them neither Smock nor Gown,
 Nor stocking, nor a shoe;
 You'd split your sides with Laughter,
 To see the whores run,
 Ne'er a Rag to hide their Badges,
 So to my Wife I came.

I gave her the Money,
 And she well improves the same,
 Let every Man learn to prize,
 And love a virtuous Dame,
 For when a Whore has brought a Man,
 To want and Poverty,
 He scarcely then can find a Friend,
 But is forc'd to his Wife to fly.